Saturday: forgot to post: flowers just
Come — & fruit — fresh — Stanley —
Amazon — glad about prison.

which alters the case.

I'm trying to make no Engagements, & shall see
to go to Rita, next week; because I find
myself hopelessly behind hand, & don't see
how I'm to be ready with my MS. in
just over a fortnight. (And I had then)—
~~It seems to me~~ unless I work between 5 & 7
Every day of I can: but I'll write Calm
Cards on table please with out
~~to~~
waiting.

NYPL

Rota 2. 4. 43

June 15

1931

52 Tavistock Sq. Monday.

No-- its the Fortnightly, here. So I send it, to save you 2/6 Which it aint worth. Will D.D. let me have it back some time, and will you, correctly, inform her of the rectification sent by Evan Charteris. as I feel is Gosses due, not that it alters my opinion one straw. No, it aint 'work'--- I wish it were. my five hours. only the deadliest of drudgery, copying, cutting out, putting in, re-reading and so finally sending to the typist; who then leaves out and puts in on her own account, so that has to be altered too, twice, for America and here; a dismal business, but not worse than picking up stitches in knitting-- which neither you nor I know nothing of. So by next week I shall be ready for all cards. One of my most vivid memories of Toveys boredom. We croossed a small bridge at Eton together--the Cloisters, the Maccarthys wedding; and he was facetious about prodding the arch of the bridge with an umbella; also foamed at the corner of the lips; also irresistibly reminded me, to l ok at,

of cold fowl, such as comes up at Sunday supper covered with a thick white paste. His own music struck me stiff with horror; but I accept all you say about his playing of Bach. and shall go to hear him. There was also a Miss Weisse, wasnt there? And he sets Bob ~~xxxxxxx~~ Trevelyans unreadable plays to unplayable music; an economical arrangement on the part of Providence. So no more. V.

What about the Prison?

NYPL

Rota 2-4-63

June 19th 1931

Friday 52 TS

Very well, I'LL keep Nov IIth and be prepared for a party at Lady Londonderrys-- for which I shall buy a new dress, all spangles. So for Gods sake dont let me down and go off to a pot house alone with a crony. I count upon splendour in Park lane.

This is however by way of thanking you for the sweet smell of my drawing room, all white with Simkins--is it? Probably not. I seldom hit off a name. But any pink by any name would not smell sweeter than yours. Now I must throw allmy MSS into my bag and go off to Rodmell there to continue this everlasting scratching and copying. And it s seems to get slower and slower and the Ist of July rushes nearer and nearer. Why d oes this happen every time; and every time I say it shall not happen again. I bought one of Ds pictures. V.

52 T-S. Mandeville

22 June 1931

Well if you dont want to see the Great Grand
Daughter of the Barrel man, why do you
suggest flowers on Wednesday at 5?
God Knows to obey your Military Language
what you're at – with your Champagne
at 2.15 & knocking your Corks off
the table, damning Prussia because
that bald & blameless man Maurice Baring

does not walk about here. The psychological current at Woking seems to me in my simplicity criticism to day the least of it.

However: I shall be in anyhow at 4·30 on Wednesday: tea: if you wish to come, on your way some where else: I'm having a holiday. Thank God for a few days having And the outpaced my typist. for the moment. Babe will But you baffle me so that there surprise me so that there will be formation of the simplest words becomes a problem. for the

V. W. Cards.

NYPL Rota 2.4.63

Saturday (written in a hurry, but I'm always now in a hurry so I send it as it is, with all its faults on its face)

June 27. 1931

Yes, I8ve read it twice and think it a very felicitous and persuasive ~~article~~ article (in your best style (one or two corrections I've made--my uncles name for one) My only literary criticism is that it might be impoved by greater compression. Its a little diffuse I think. Your nail is a goof nail and a shininh one--that there should be no musical criticism in daily papers but it might be knocked in a little harder. Owing to the pleasing variety and cicrumvagulation of your mind one gets a little doubtful about the nature of the nail and what your remedy is. But then on no account would I give up the man's face like apples and a banana or other Smythian pleasantries (excpet (i crtic) and cricket which savours to me too much of after dinner speaking) and delightful and full of ripeness and richness, so ~~[illegible]~~ your indirectness is justified. But considering the obtuseness of the public and the many hares they'll hunt might it not be a good thing to give the article some simple hammer stroke of a title--A plea for the Abolition of Musical criticism--something like that, but better and shorter. Of course you lay yourself open to one charge I think--that if youre criticised by the papers its your own fault for sending them press tickets; just as I should be told, if I didnt want tobe reviewed, why then send out review copies? Marie Corelli never did. And was never reviewed.

Otherwise I think its very true and convincing, your points, even to me ~~[illegible]~~ purblind and distorted as I am.. What I think you dont realise, perhaps, is that (no doubt owing to my own vanity which imputes vanity to others) you seem in talk to attach such enromous importance to re cognition to praise, ~~[illegible]~~ when on your own showing the best judges (Walter &c) know your worth; when youve enough to live on; when you spend months of ecsacy (see the Prison and your letters) in the act of composition. Also, though you make out a good case, the critics, damn them, when critics are vile;

What I should like would be, in another article, a purely objective statement of the exact disabilities (not being allowed to play in orchestras &c) which women suffer in music.

cant be so destructive or why are the classics the classics; and why is this so, even in the case of Wagner, so often during their life time? Somehow the big apples come to the top of the basket, and generally before the composer is under the sod. But of course I realise that the musician(apple lies longest at the bottom and has the hardest struggle to rise - thats clear. And then I destest people dwelling on their own injuries sterile. -- its so infinitely ~~xxxx~~ And then I think the creative thing to do would be to furbish up some orchestra and run the things on your own. This I did--oh yes, in a modest way, when the publishers told me to write what they liked. I said No. I'll publish myself. I write what I like Which I did, and for many years, owing to lack of organisation travellers &c. lost much money thereby. Yes NYPL there I am blowing my own trumpet. But its a harsh raw noise--ones own trumpet. If I were you I'D train typists and street singrs rather than go on whipping these gentrys hard and horny behinds. Youwill say howev r that I know nothing, feel nothing and understand less than nothing. So be it. I realise why I am so essential to ~~you~~ you-- precisely my quality of scrathing post, what the granite pilla r in the Cornish field gives the rough-haired, burr-tangled Cornish pig--thats you. An uncastrated pig into the bargain; a wild boar, a savage sow, and my fate in life is to stand there, a granite pillar, and be scraped by Ethels hoary hide.. Yes, because not another soul in Woking but lies under you like sweet lavender; there you roll and trample and bellow. I'M the only friend you have who is thoroughly and disgustingly upright and blind and deaf and dumb. Now isnt that a psychological discovery of the first water? But I cant be here till 5 or so on Wednesday owing to my infernal fate--to listen to a poetess singing her own songs to music written by a brother at some blasted hall. I've seen Barretts; rather feeble I thought; and have ~~just~~ written (to come out next week) an essay on Mrs browning. But perhaps we may meet, if youll arrange it--one scrape more, one more grind of your infuriated hide and rasping tusks. ~~and and~~ what you call euphemistically putting cards on the table; when its nore like rending a rib open with a knife.

hah hah. V.

Rita 2.4.63

June 24th 1931

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

I have read your letter twice & shall read it again. I am very glad that you have written with such frankness. I don't think there is much for me to say but, as I suppose from your tone that you want want to come here on wednesday. I just want, very briefly to say that I think you are completely justified in your conclusion that "such a person ought not to be thus loved". But I don't think that I've ever made out that I possessed qualities which entitled me to your love. I here from the first interest